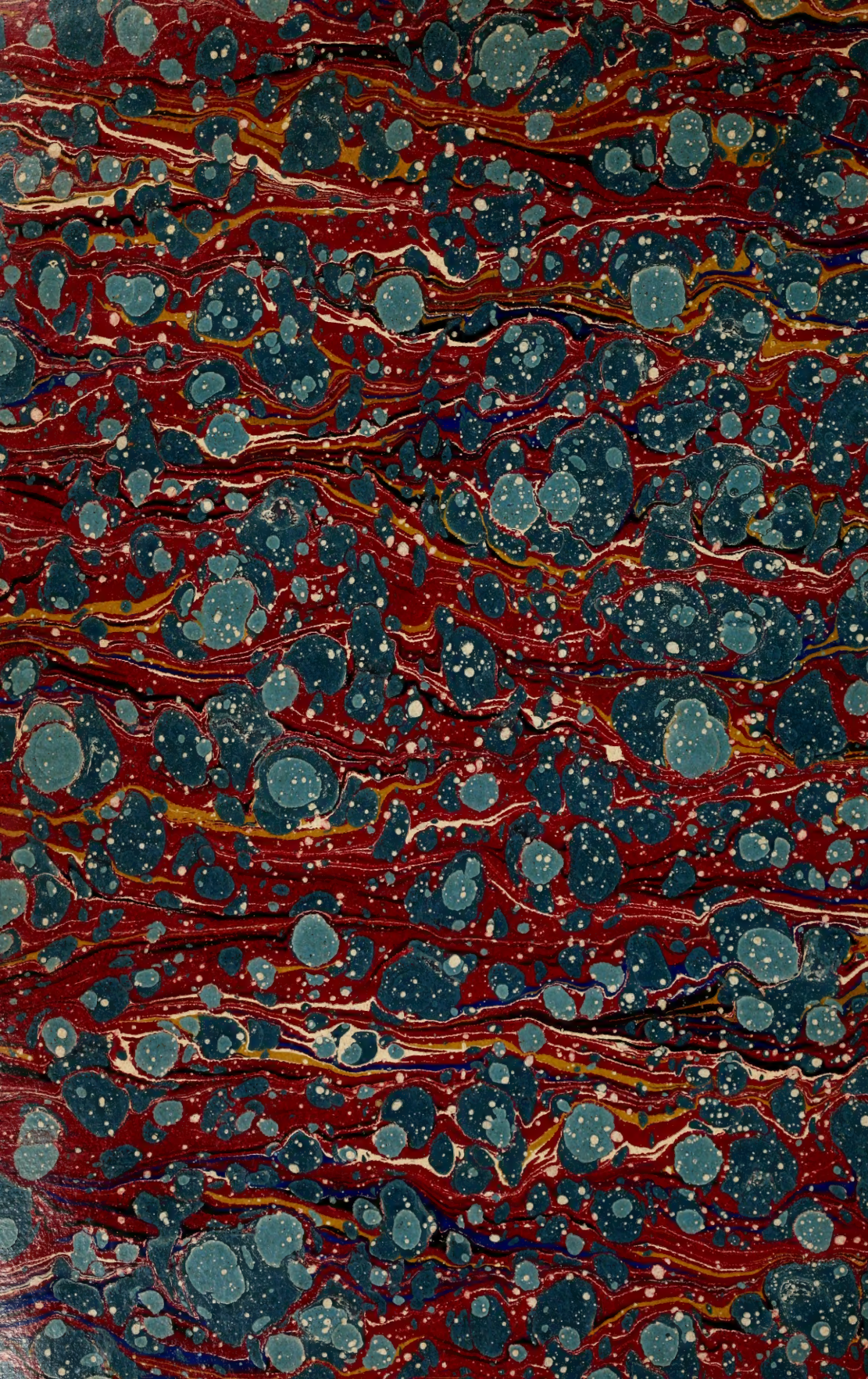






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The Onlooker

*A Literary Journal of Independent
Critical Opinion on Public Affairs*

Vol. I—No. 8 TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1920 Price—20c.

Not Party & The People

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By James Cobourg Hodgins.

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PARTY

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JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

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FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

IF the statement made by a prominent Republican senator the other day, that it is the intention of the victorious party in the recent Presidential election to treble the present tariff, be anywhere near the truth, then the prospect of a mutually profitable trade between Canada and the United States in the future goes by the board. It is impossible to figure out how we can continue dealing, on anything but a limited scale, with a neighbor who is quite willing to flood our markets with his finished products and is, at the same time, intent on keeping the trade of the United States a closed preserve. The situation is fraught with very grave peril. We cannot go on for ever heaping up an adverse balance of trade. Sooner or later a day must come when exchange will break down. In the event of such a contingency—depletion of our gold-reserve—we would have to put up an embargo or fall back upon barter. We could, of course, continue mortgaging the country by floating foreign loans, but that would be but to postpone the evil day. A better plan would be to start out and conquer foreign markets.

Buy from the United States we must, and enormously. We cannot escape our fate. For example, we have no cotton, and can raise none; very little crude oil; no central coal-field and few developed iron areas. These are essential to our very life as a manufacturing nation. We have, to be sure, vast resources in magnetite all along the North Shore, and incredible quantities of coal in Alberta and British Columbia, but these are afar off, and the day when our siderite ore can be profitably worked is still in the shining future. The hematite deposits of northern Michigan, being easily accessible and easily worked, constitute virtually a natural mid-continental monopoly.

So long as immigrants flocked to our shores at the rate of two or three hundred thousand a year, bringing their sheaves, in the form of foreign drafts or cash, with them; so long as our financial houses and governments could borrow freely abroad for legitimate national enterprises; so long, that is to say, as the *net* balance of trade was on the right side of the ledger, we could go on buying from the United States without a thought or care as to financial consequences. International balances were settled in London, and provided the final trial-balance in the international clearing house was in our favor, exchange remained at par. Now all is changed.

Emigration, to be sure, has started, and it seems to be of the right sort; but it is, as yet, but a trickle compared with the glorious years of the mid-Laurier regime. We cannot borrow in the European markets, and are forced to go to New York or do without. Our European trade is in eclipse, owing to the financial stringency prevailing on the continent, and the prices of all raw materials—with the exceptions of pine and pulp—have fallen. There is no use of our editors trying to dope the general public with sophisms. We must face the fact, and the fact of facts is, that the artificial condition of prosperity, caused by prolonged inflation of the currency, has given place to the natural, the inexorable operation of the law of supply and demand. We are confronting a condition and not a theory, and must bravely face the truth. Truth, indeed, is the surgeon's knife—sharp, sometimes distressingly painful, but, in the long run, beneficent; whereas falsehood is but an anodyne, which gives at best but a temporary relief, creates false hopes of improvement and, in the end, leaves us with a disordered digestion and enfeebled heart and nerves. We have had enough foolish optimism. It is time to take national stock, not only of our resources, but of conditions abroad.

Presuming that it is the set and unalterable determination of the triumphant Republican party to implement their promises and, by raising the tariff to hitherto undreamed-of heights, shut out all competition from abroad, including Canada, in what position would we find ourselves? At first it would seem that such a policy must lead to a stalemate, since all trade is but barter, and to sell one must be prepared to buy. To expect a nation to go on buying indefinitely and paying in gold is, of course, grotesque. Such a policy would result in time in all the gold leaving the debtor country and a complete stoppage of trade. With the last shipment of gold fiscal relations would automatically cease. But the truth is, the United States has already too much gold, and would be glad to loan it (indeed, is loaning it) on good security. It is not gold she is after, but raw materials, of which gold is but the symbol. We may expect to see a great many loans negotiated in New York in the near future; and we may also expect to see great American concerns open branch factories and agencies in those lands that are rich in unexploited raw materials, primitive in business developments, and in no position to actively compete with American industries.

It would seem, if this reading be correct, that the shrewd financiers of the United States have determined to invest their capital in industrially backward, but potentially rich countries, like China, South America, Russia, and the Eastern Islands, in preference to Europe. All these lands are fabulously rich in raw materials, and would be only too glad to exchange the product of the forest, the plantation and the mine for American manufactures. The field is virgin. What Germany set out to do in the case of South America,

the United States, taking advantage of the world-situation, now seeks to accomplish. Already The International Bank of the Americas (a tremendously powerful concern) has established branches in the chief cities of the southern continent, and is opening agencies in China and the East. If the design succeed, and it is shrewdly planned, then, in exchange for her manufactured articles, "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," in the form of raw material, will flow to her coasts. She will become in time a mighty distributing as well as a mighty manufacturing nation—England's present position.

And more. The banks she is rapidly establishing will be followed up by an army of daring speculators and *concessionaires*. These, backed by unlimited capital, will make use of the cheap labor of China and Russia to capture the trade of the world. Precisely what has taken place in Canada will be duplicated in every land. It is the old breed coming out! "No pent-up Utica confines our powers," and so on. Her only competitor at present is the British Empire; but it is a most formidable one. It is just possible that these Colossi will divide the world between them in the very near future. We are inclined to put our money on Britain for reasons that do not enter into this argument but which merit an article later on. In any event, the stage is prepared for a tremendous drama. It is to be a conflict, not only of wits and resources, but of ideals. It is really the struggle between self-sufficiency and freedom carried into the commercial field. We shall see what we shall see.

If it be said that the question of costs will handicap our neighbor to the south, the answer must be that costs now depend, not on trade policies, but on another and altogether novel factor, viz., organized labor. Restricted output may well prove more disastrous than a high tariff. Coal to-day is mined cheaper in Protectionist America than in Free Trade England; indeed, in the matter of coal exports, America is now in the lead, the figures as to August last standing, roughly, as 18 to 23 in millions of tons in favor of the United States. Exorbitant wages, short hours and decreased output account for this alarming situation. English business men, always far-sighted and vigilant, are directing their magnificent energies to oil; and America, quick to see the lay of the land, is hotly protesting against the British and French monopoly of the Persian and Mesopotamian fields. She has received the right answer—"He who winna when he may, canna when he will." In other words, by refusing the mandate over Armenia, America surrendered her right to share in the development of the exceedingly rich Mesopotamian field. What answer can she make to this entirely just rejoinder? None!

If America, as would seem to be the settled policy of the employers of labor, succeeds in breaking up the "closed shop," and Britain falls into the control of the phalanx-union, it is obvious that the handicap of high wages need no longer enter as a factor into the problem of production. High wages, whether the result of a fiscal

policy, like Protectionism, or as the logical outcome of group-control of an industry, amount, in the end, to the same thing. It is entirely a question of costs. Free Trade may not mean cheap production, but Protection and high wages may. A point for Mr. Crerar and Mr. Drury to ponder deeply.

There is another point of view to be considered, and one that affects us very closely. America is the land of the Factory Doctor. In no country in the world is it so true that "Time is money." It might almost be said that America discovered the phrase "Overhead charges." Whether the minute investigations of Mr. Frederick Winslow Taylor into correct arm-movements, bonuses and all the rest of it resulted in a blessing or a curse to humanity, is an open question. Man is, after all, not a machine, but a son of God, and there is something infinitely degrading in treating him as an uncannily efficient automaton. But, leaving the moral aspect out, it remains true that in no country in the world are such rigid economies carried out, or labor-saving devices so lavishly used as in America. The American ideal is to run machinery to the extreme limit. Quantity-production is a veritable mania, and to get it three distinct shifts of eight hours each is not infrequently practised. Lord Leverhulme's axiom to "Work the machine and not the man," is most religiously observed. The point for us to remember is, that America already produces far in excess of her local requirements. She has created a monster of efficiency whose appetite for fresh markets is insatiable. She believes, rightly or wrongly, that as an industrial athlete she is supreme, and has the world at her feet. Looking abroad over a devastated world and, having in mind her own vast resources, it is easy to understand why she should think so. Every nation, except Britain and Japan, is standing cap in hand before her gates. To the arguments of the Free Trade doctrinaire she returns a scornful laugh. She is convinced, as Germany was convinced, that the kingdoms of the world must fall to that nation which is most efficient. If high wages result in low costs, quality being equal, then all argument as to the relative merits of Free Trade v. Protection is childish. It is simply a question of delivering the goods at a certain price on contract time.

The coming big battle in the United States is to be between the various trades unions and the employing groups. Should the unions succeed, and the struggle is likely to be terrific, then it will be a case of "as you were" so far as costs are concerned, and the odds will be in favor of Great Britain; but if the "Open Shop" should win, with its corollary of scientific efficiency, then we shall witness a struggle for the foreign markets such as the world has never seen in its long history. Bismarck once said that if England with its long start should go in for Protection, the rest of the world would be forced in self-defence to band together and destroy her. He forgot English common-sense—the true secret of her greatness.

We come now to another aspect of the case which has an immediate bearing on our own well-being and destiny. We have remarked that the United States has already reached that point where she produces more than she consumes. It follows that she must export the surplus and, since she is up against the competition of the world—cheaply. It is competition in the foreign field that dictates the price. The price of the domestic article has nothing to do with it. But the United States, being a highly protected country, must pay high wages. So long as there is a constant demand for her manufactures—demand exceeding supply—this need not greatly concern her. Should, however, conditions be reversed, *i.e.*, supply be in excess of demand, she must reduce the price, and, should cash be of more importance than profit—limitation of banking credit—sell for cost or even less—in other words, dump. It is all a question of cost in its relation to quantity-production. If the total net profits for the year represent, say, one million dollars, and if nine hundred thousand dollars be an ample return on capital invested, then it follows that the goods represented by the remaining hundred thousand dollars are so much “velvet” and may be sold as low as cost, or even less than cost, and still represent a gain. This condition of affairs probably never happens in the case of a Canadian plant, but it is common enough in America, and therein precisely lies our danger. The temptation for the American manufacturer to dump on Canada must be very strong. We must see to it that he is not allowed to do so. Only an imaginary line separates us, and as the bulk of American plants are situated close to the border, the handicap of freight rates is not great. Then, again, our factories are not standardized and specialized to the same extent as obtains in the United States, and, compared in extent and capital, are but pygmies. It must be apparent to any man, not blinded and warped by political prejudices or obsessed by fallacies, that we cannot meet the competition of hundreds of factories each one of which specializes in certain lines, and that without adequate protection we are simply bound to go under. If the United States raises its tariff to alarming heights we must meet schedule with schedule. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. It will be a grim satisfaction to us to know that the struggle was not of our seeking. The drift, indeed, was all the other way. One consolation only remains: If Mr. Harding’s Bourbon ideas are carried out, and our agricultural and horticultural products are shut out of the American markets, the howl for Free Trade will suddenly die down among our farmers. In the face of a great common peril it may even be that, as a nation, we shall be drawn closer together in “a fellowship of suffering” and the spiritual gain of a good common understanding more than offset the financial loss. What is clear is that a young gladiator, armed cap-à-pie, full of boundless confidence and possessed of fabulous wealth, has

thrown his glove into the lists, and is prepared to dispute with all comers the mastery of the world.

The cry of the doctrinaire Free Trader that, if the Americans are stupid enough to sell us shoes, *e.g.*, at less than cost, we would be fools not to buy them, leaves out of sight the fact that Canada is herself a manufacturing nation on a comparatively large scale, and that fully a third of our population depend for a livelihood on the prosperity of our manufacturing industries. In Ontario their gross output exceeds in value the entire product of the farm. Destroy them and our towns would wither in a night and with our towns the farms. The tariff is our one weapon of defence. It is not for the self-appointed leaders of the farmers to dogmatize on the subject of manufacturing. They know nothing about manufacturing, and the most blatant of them precious little about farming. It is for the manufacturer to state his case, and he is doing so in no uncertain terms. When the full report of the Tariff Commission is published we are convinced that the necessity for *adequate* protection will be proved beyond all dispute, and that when the question is put to a vote those men who would imperil the whole financial fabric of Canada in order to try out their fantastic theories will receive their *quietus*. Every business man knows, and, for that matter, every sensible citizen knows, that to tamper with the tariff or dangerously lower it spells immediate bankruptcy, and must end in our financial enslavement to the great trusts south of the line. The truest criticism ever passed on this cant of cheapness was that uttered by the poet-philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "You talk about making this article cheaper," he remarked, "by reducing its price in the market from 8d. to 6d. But suppose in so doing you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralized thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its *real* price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundredfold?"

But let not our radical farmer friend imagine that he will escape the tentacles of the Octopus! If language mean anything, then nothing is more certain than that it is the firm intention of the President-elect to shut *him* out of the American market—not only his cereals, but his beasts and the produce of the orchard and the garden. At present all that he needs to increase the productivity of the farm, or improve his live-stock, comes in free, and all that he sells is heavily protected. *The Onlooker* predicts that when the new American tariff becomes law there will not be a Free Trader left in the country; and he is inclined to believe that, as a nation, we will become, under stress of competition, more earnest believers in Protection than ever before. Not that we want to be, but because "Needs must be when the Devil drives." The bleat of the Crerars, Drury, Clarks, McMasters, directed to the United States, "Barkis

is willin',” has been met by a square blow in the face. The humiliation of it! These men, not from any malicious intent, but from sheer mental incapacity to grasp the actual situation of affairs, would shatter the industrial fabric of Canada at a blow. But when did anything catastrophic ever matter to an obsessed theorist? “Though the shattered heavens should fall, the ruins would find him”—hugging his delusion!

The situation is not of our making, we repeat. It is the United States that is intent on forcing the fighting. Virtually it proposes to declare economic war against mankind. To raise a Chinese wall against impoverished and discouraged Europe at such a time as this means that the people in the older lands must, in order to pay their indebtedness to America, endure undreamed-of rigors in the form of coldness, starvation and inadequate wages. They have no gold, no basic raw materials—such as copper, cotton, wool—and yet can only pay their debts by the export of manufactured articles. God help them! Mr. Harding has boiled down his philosophy to a sentence: “Whenever America can manufacture to meet American needs—and *there is almost no limit to our genius and resources*—I favor producing in America first.” “Lyons silks, English tweeds, Swiss watches, Italian fruits—what a field is here, my friends! Let us get busy!”—he might just as well have said. What a shudder that sentence must have sent through the souls of those European peoples whose only hope of ever getting out of America’s debt lay in the export of manufactured articles. “Clang!” And the golden gates are shut.

Raising millions to save the babies of the devastated lands from starvation is not what Europe wants. It wants to be in a position to feed its own babies. It wants to get out of the International bread-line. Above all else, it wants to win back its self-respect. No one denies the big-hearted generosity of the American people, or the nobleness of the effort that Mr. Hoover is making. But if the United States should actually inaugurate a prohibitive tariff, even the joy of contributing lavishly to the afflicted will be denied them, since there will be no babies left to feed. What Europe wants is trade and capital on reasonable terms, not charity.

Fortunately for Canada we have a government at Ottawa, headed by a young, courageous and clear-headed statesman, which believes in *a Protection that protects*, and which is not willing that a single essential Canadian industry built up by patient years, full of enterprise and toil, shall be slaughtered to make a fiscal holiday for the United States, or any other country that is not prepared to play fair. Let the United States lower its tariff and we will meet it; but the only answer to a Chinese wall is *to block the sally-ports*.

It is needless to point out that the position of the United States is of world-wide significance. For one thing, it is far and away the richest country in the world; not only in foot-power per ton, but

in actual gold and credits. Britain alone owes her over five billions of our money, and the loan is as good as gold. Temporarily, with the exception of Great Britain, the neutral nations, Japan, and the British commonwealths beyond the seas, all competitors for the foreign trade of the world have been virtually eliminated. The war touched her but lightly, and during the first three years her wealth mounted to almost alarming heights. She now elects to go forth, conquering and to conquer. The world's extremity is her opportunity. Business is business.

Can we in Canada hope to stand up against this formidable commercial athlete? Certainly not, if we are foolish enough to tinker with or dangerously lower our tariff. But most unquestionably and unmistakably yes, if we meet schedule with schedule and give free scope to our courage and genius. In former years we have surpassed the United States three-fold (difference in population being taken into account) and we may easily repeat the record. There is no real reason for despair. Protection with us is both a weapon of defence against powerful rivals and a means of encouraging local industries. With France, with Italy, and, indeed, with the world generally, we can bargain on fair terms, and no doubt will when once we get on our financial feet. But not even by the help of God will we be able to leap over the tariff wall which the Republican party is determined to erect. There remains—the Empire!

What is needed is a closer drawing together of the widely scattered congeries of nations which represent an accomplishment at once unique and splendid in human history. Here is "ample room and verge enough." Great Britain is ripe for it. Are we?

The last number of *The Statist*, in an article entitled, "Colonial Banking and Trade," has these words: "It is obvious that the transference of funds to meet a monetary demand in other parts of the Empire would be much facilitated by the establishment of a more organized and flexible banking machinery." There is the fly! Is the trout prepared to rise? What a field is here opened up! A more intimate understanding between the heads of our great British and Colonial banking systems with a view to a logical and scientific development of the resources of the *whole* Empire would be of incalculable benefit. The very word "Canada" has been burned into the consciousness of the average Britisher. If the future is to witness a struggle of Titans for commercial survival we must mass the whole strength of the Empire; must move as One; not only for reasons of self-preservation, but for the maintenance and continuance of those ideals which make us to be what we are—the masters of Action and the servants of Law. An Empire Investment and Banking Co., with vast capital, officered by experts and specialists, and prepared, at a moment's notice, to direct surplus funds wherever the field should offer promising returns, would be of immense benefit to the whole Empire. Hitherto British investments in Canada, and

the Colonies generally, have proceeded haphazard, and lamentable losses have at times been made. It is high time that this was all changed. We need British capital, and we need it badly. Canada offers an unrivalled field for investment, as hundreds of shrewd Americans have already found out. They are heartily welcome; but if thousands of British manufacturers would follow the lead of Lord Leverhulme and The Baldwins Ltd., we would go forward by leaps and bounds.

Our farmers and manufacturers may, and probably will, lose the American market. It will, at first, prove a staggering blow, but need not prove fatal. We have what the world wants and must have. We can proceed along preferential lines with the other parts of the Empire and with Britain herself. India, South Africa, Australasia, the West Indian Islands, China, Japan—with all these rich lands we can negotiate special tariffs to their and our own benefit. We need not fear. Our trade with Australia jumped from five to over fourteen millions between 1914-15 and 1918-19. The field is boundless. Canada is the Lord Warden of the Marches, the Keeper of the Keys between the east and west, the great land-bridge between the Occident and the Orient. We are the nearest to Asia and next door to Russia. We are also the nearest to Europe. That is to say, we are on the political horizon of trade. The day will come when Halifax, St. John, Montreal, and it may be, Port Arthur—Vancouver and Port Simpson certainly—will take rank with the greatest ports in the world. Had the United States poured fifteen billions into Europe on the signing of the Armistice, charging little or no interest, the problem would have been different. She has elected otherwise, and we must conform to things as they are.

We may have a continuance of the present sharp depression, but nothing can hold back this young giant of a land. All we need to do is to keep our poise and our characteristic British pluck and plod on. "It's dogged does it." To the siren voice of the theorizer, as to the wild threats of the agitator, we must turn deaf ears. These would but lure us on the rocks, beguile us into the Cave of the Cyclops, or deaden us with the lotus of a false security. It is a time to "gird up the loins of our strength" and to remember that man is never stronger than when he is thrown on his own resources, and never trusts God more perfectly than when he trusts his own stout heart.

Soon the floods of immigration towards this, the last land of the temperate zone open to the white settler, will begin anew. Each year's accession will be as though we had conquered and annexed a foreign principality. They will come because they must come—hundreds of thousands strong—bringing with them millions, even billions, of capital. And they will bring more than capital. That, indeed, may be the least that they will bring. Grim, energetic, determined, skilful, many of them, with all of life before them in a

new land, they will add not only to our national wealth, but, if wisely selected from the choicest ethnic stocks and, as we hope, chiefly from the British Isles, they will help us to build up a glorious commonwealth that may indeed become The Greater Britain Beyond the Seas.

To sum up: America is going to erect a Chinese wall and shut out Europe; smash the unionized shop; pay the highest wages in the world and yet turn out, through a combination of quantity-production and efficiency, the lowest-priced goods in the world, and take for those goods raw material of every kind. The struggle now is between the Open Shop and Protection and Free Trade manacled by the Iron-Clad Union. It will be a desperate one, and no quarter will be given nor allowed. We, in Canada, must be prepared to put into operation at every cry of distress from our manufacturers the anti-dumping clause.

VON HINDENBURG

BY PROF. JOHN SQUAIR

VON HINDENBURG, the popular idol of Germany during the latter half of the war, has written a book* of some hundred thousand words in which he has said some very interesting things, even for pacific Canadians, far removed from the conditions and temperament of the warlike nobility of Prussia.

Born in Posen in 1847, of a father and mother who both belonged to soldierly families, he always felt himself, as he puts it, to be a real Old-Prussian. Both parents strove to give their children sound bodies and strong characters so that they might fill well their places in life. Above all did they insist on faith in God, love of country, and fidelity to the King of Prussia. In addition, the father sought to inspire in his son a love of nature and a sense of the importance of the realities of this world.

The decision as to what profession the son should follow was, in such a family, an easy thing. That he should be a soldier was accepted as a matter of course, needing no discussion, and at eleven years of age he entered the army as cadet in the *Kadettenhaus* of Wahlstatt in Silesia. In 1864, when he was seventeen, the war with Denmark occurred, but on account of his youth he did not have the joy of participating in it. With beating heart, however, he witnessed, in Berlin, the triumphal return of his more fortunate and much-envied companions who had defended the interests of Prussia in Schleswig-Holstein. Before this great event he, with his comrades, had the honour of being presented to the King. His heart was touched by the earnest words and simple bearing of his Majesty.

Two years later, in 1866, he entered the third regiment of foot-

*Generalfeldmarschall von Hindenburg: *Aus Meinem Leben*, pp. 409. S. Hirzel, Leipzig, 1920.

guards as second lieutenant, and his active career as a soldier began. This was the year of the war with Austria, and he went joyfully with his regiment against the enemy. He was present at Königgratz, the one important battle of the war, and received a slight wound. The war was over in a few weeks, the triumphal procession entered the Brandenburg gate, Von Hindenburg having been decorated with the swords of the order of the Red Eagle.

In 1870 and 1871 the young officer fought with his regiment in the Franco-Prussian war. He was at St. Privat, where his regiment suffered heavy losses, and participated in the surrounding of the French army at Sedan. After the surrender of Napoleon III, he assisted in the siege of Paris, and on January 18, 1871, was present in the castle of Versailles at the proclamation of the German Empire. Early in June the bulk of the victorious German troops returned home and again there was a triumphal entry through the Brandenburg gate. That was the second time for Von Hindenburg, and he hoped for a third, which never came. He closes one of his chapters after this pathetic fashion: "The hope of a third victorious entry through the Brandenburg gate which I had long cherished in my deepest heart, not on my own account, but for the sake of my Kaiser, King and Fatherland, was not to be fulfilled." Instead, there came the Imperial demission and the unkingly flight over the Dutch border.

The long period of forty years, from 1871 to 1911, was occupied with constant military service, in a variety of functions. In all of these he devoted himself loyally to the development and perfecting of that great machine, the object of his affection, known as the German army, which he considered the greatest instrument of war and national security the world had ever seen. In 1911 he asked for his release from duty, little expecting that in three years he would be called again to grasp the sword. But so it was: on August 22, 1914, he was put in command of the 8th army on the east front with General Ludendorff as chief of staff, and two years later, on August 29, 1916, he assumed the direction of operations for the whole of the German forces, Ludendorff remaining with him in the same position to the end.

And now we may ask what is the mentality of this hardened old soldier? What are his views regarding Germany and her neighbors, regarding the war, its causes and results? What does he think of the great problems which men have thought about? We must not ask him too many things. He is inclined to narrow his outlook. He is a soldier—a Prussian soldier—who obeys his King and discusses not too much the why and the wherefore of affairs. Still we get glimpses into the complexion of his mind.

To be prepared for war he regards as a necessity for Germany. She must be either Hammer or Anvil. She has been so ever, and must continue thus. If she refuses to be ready to strike, she will

be struck. To have a strong, well-equipped army, backed by a firm, warlike spirit at home, was the true policy for Germany. And she had what she needed. No finer army ever existed. The performances of this army will for all time redound to the honour of the Fatherland. And the spirit of those far behind the lines was heroic for a long time, but it weakened somewhat, and this weakening was perhaps a cause of defeat. But the main cause of defeat was the superiority of the enemy in numbers. Had there been equality of man-power Germany would have won. Man for man, Russians, Englishmen and Frenchmen were inferior to Germans. Englishmen were tough, tenacious bulldogs, but knew not the trade of war. Frenchmen had *élan*, dash, initiative, but could not hold out. The *élite* of the English army came from the Colonies, and this was explained by the fact that the Colonials were preponderantly agrarian. (A gross error, as we all know.) The opinion just mentioned regarding Frenchmen is a notable example of the immunity of the soldierly mind from the infection of truth. Von Hindenburg had doubtless learned early in his career, in a parrot-like way, that Frenchmen had no tenacity, and he was unable to change his opinion even when, after a struggle of months, the army of the Crown Prince failed to take Verdun from the stubborn French.

Nor is his opinion of the military worth of his allies very high. Austrians, Bulgars, Turks, all need stiffening by the presence of Germans. It would be very hazardous to allow an army of any of these groups to come into contact with the enemy without the mixture of German regiments, and the leadership of German officers. At the same time, however, he always speaks respectfully of the high officers and leading personalities of Middle Europe. He found them all staunch and true.

In fact, he is so persistent in his admiration for what Frenchmen call *les gros bonnets* that one is tempted to think that he must be a good deal of a tuft-hunter. This is particularly noticeable when he speaks of princes and sovereigns. Never does he seem able to think of Kaiser or König without pausing to remove his hat, take three steps backward, and salute. Even the Crown Prince cannot be thought of without a splutter of syllables expressing his rank as a very high and noble person. He quite frequently takes time to call the Emperor, my Kaiser, King and Lord, when one single term would suffice.

As to the causes of the war, he appears quite convinced that it was forced upon Germany by the chauvinistic French nation which would never cease from stirring up and "egging on" the upright, peaceful Germans, aided by jealous-minded Englishmen who could not endure the thought of Germany's industrial and commercial progress. Poor Germany, she is too good and kind, she forgives and forgets so readily! She is no match for the cunning, two-faced Englishman, who, like the ancient Roman, is full of the power of

accommodating himself to circumstances and of ability to use others for his own advantage. As will be readily apparent, this is but the old, traditional attitude to England which is expressed in the phrase *la perfide Albion*.

There are certain great points in connection with the development of the war, such as the battle of the Marne, the struggle for Verdun and the final victory in the autumn of 1918, regarding which it would be interesting and instructive to have frank and sincere expressions of intelligent opinion from Germans. In spite of eager searching one does not find such in Von Hindenburg's book. Regarding the battle of the Marne he is quite vague. He says that there may have been several reasons for the retreat of the German armies, but one feels that the explanations throw no real light on the question. He admits, however, that the repulse was disastrous to Germany's plans. With respect to Verdun he says little except to justify the attempt to take it. And as to the final victory, he explains it largely by the overpowering number of Americans who were beginning to arrive. Altogether the discussion of these points is not enlightening.

There are other subjects, such as the bombarding of open towns in England and France, about which he says nothing or next to nothing. Regarding submarines he seems to regret that their action was not carried on more vigorously. He sympathized with Von Tirpitz, who was much disappointed at the faint-hearted way in which this monstrous form of military activity was conducted.

A very interesting point for us far-off, outlander Canadians is the fact that Von Hindenburg expresses no regrets and makes no apologies. He is sorry that he did not win, but he is not sorry that he is a soldier and fought. The Prussian uniform is, and will remain, his coat of honour (*Ehrenkleid*). The German army has nothing to be ashamed of. It always has been a school of simplicity and equality, a place in which the purest virtues flourish, and, apparently, he thinks that it cannot be dispensed with. We were told that we were fighting to end war and militarism. Is militarism dead? Certainly not in Von Hindenburg's mind. Are there many other Germans who resemble him? If there are, then in due time we may have war again. Some good people imagine that we in North America may segregate ourselves and refuse to fight when Europe fights. The experience of the United States in the late war will hardly reassure us on that point. It may be safer to keep our weather-eye open. It may do no harm to be a little suspicious. If the other nations had really feared an attack from Germany before 1914 there would have been no war. It may be of great service to the world that men like Von Hindenburg should tell the world what they think and feel. Forewarned is forearmed. No human formula can conjure harm; nothing but right-thinking and right-acting by upright, informed, and wary minds can make the world safe for decent people.

THE HUMOR OF A BLUE BOOK

It may surprise the world to know that the Hon. Mr. Drury was one of the chief sponsors of the Board of Commerce and gave it his blessing. To be sure his reasons, as set forth in the preliminary proceedings, had to do with the U.F.O. co-operative scheme, and left out of consideration everyone else; but that, in the light of subsequent developments, has a quite natural look. He, and those associated with him, wanted it for two specific reasons. Let him speak in his own words: "We have been confronted right from the beginning with two conditions. In the first place, manufacturers or wholesalers who are selling to us, but who fear being boycotted by the regular retail trade because of dealing with us. The other condition is, not being able to buy, because we have not the standing with the wholesalers. In fact, we got a partial standing as wholesalers before we could buy. We had to buy wholesale business. We found that a decided handicap."

It is to be observed that all that the Hon. Mr. Drury was thinking about was his own group and its financial interests. Not a word appears about the rest of Canada. This, of course, is characteristic of the whole movement. We shall see later on how one-sided and narrow the Hon. Mr. Drury is, and how utterly unfit to be trusted with responsibility in a larger field which is what he and the Hon. Alex. Crerar are aiming at.

Analyzing the foregoing verbatim report, it would seem that he wanted the Board of Commerce, in the first place, to remove the fear of the retailer from the tender and compassionate heart of the wholesaler *who was selling to the U.F.O.*; and, in the second place, to give the U.F.O. standing with the wholesalers. It is hard to make anything rational out of the verbiage, it is so confused and meaningless; but what is probably meant is that before the U.F.O. could buy from *the manufacturers*, in quantity, it had to set up as a wholesale as well as a retail concern. The main point is, that all the Hon. Mr. Drury was concerned about were purely selfish commercial interests, and that is all the U.F.O. is concerned about. For our manufacturers, and the enormous human and financial interests dependent upon them, these men care not at all.

But the whole *raison d'être* of co-operative buying is to *displace* with the wholesaler. The idea is to buy direct from the original sources of supply, and even to manufacture. If the U.F.O. stores are buying from the wholesaler, then they are no different from any other retail establishment. The retail field is already over-supplied. The only chance of success lies in the elimination of the wholesaler, but this would require millions of capital. In Ontario the Mail-Order Dept. of the huge retailer pre-empted this field.

But the Board of Commerce performed one valuable function. It cross-examined the Hon. Mr. Drury, and got from his own lips a

statement of his peculiarly narrow political philosophy. It is with that cross-examination that we now propose to deal. It is, indeed, "a feast of fat things" in crudities, sophisms and obsessions.

A little flashlight on the subject of butter will do to begin with. Asked as to whether he was willing that butter should come in free (at present it enjoys 3c. and 4c. a pound protection), he replied in the affirmative, adding, "That is the attitude of our farmers' organization. They don't ask others to do what they are not willing to do themselves." "For Brutus is an honorable man." What? Q. "Would the price of butter be affected?" A. "We are still exporting."

Glorious self-sacrifice! Supreme virtue! There being *not the ghost of a chance* of butter coming into Canada, on account of the heavy export demand and the abnormal price, the U.F.O. is willing that the duty should be removed. Was ever a reputation for virtue so cheaply earned? But does any sane man believe that if butter in the United States were twenty cents a pound lower than the domestic article, and plenty of it, the Hon. Mr. Drury would return the same answer? If so, why the howl that went up a year or so ago about oleomargarine? (The importation of the latter, by the way, *is absolutely prohibited.*)

In the matter of taxation the Hon. Mr. Drury has some strange and fantastic theories. Both he and the Hon. Alex. Crerar would seem to be under the impression that to tax unimproved land would result in a fabulous return. Adam Smith's fundamental axiom that, apart from labor, land has absolutely no value, has apparently no terrors for these double-stars in the new economic firmament. We commend to those among our readers whom the good God has endowed with a sense of humor the following gem: "At the present time the man who escapes taxation *is the man that does nothing.*" Produce this strange abnormality, Mr. Drury! The poet had surely this particular gentleman in mind when he wrote the line, "When wild in woods the noble savage ran"! The man who does nothing has either an income or he has not. If he possess an income he is taxed right up to the hilt. He positively oozes taxes. The only element on which he doesn't pay taxes is air. That *ought* to be taxed—the U.F.O. are using up too much of it. If, to continue, this new species doesn't pay taxes, then all we can say is that he must be an expert in passing things along. If he would only reveal his secret a great fortune awaits him; though we are afraid that the Government (a soulless thing!) would consider him of such precious worth that it would provide him with heat, light, food and attendance free.

It has always been a marvel to us just where the U.F.O. agitators got their statistics. Perhaps this little passage-at-arms will throw light on the subject:

Mr. Drury: "I read that the Dominion Textile Co. was mak-

ing large profits." (No objection, of course, to eggs at \$1.00 a dozen!)

Mr. McCoig: "What do you read?"

Mr. Drury: "That their dividends were 54% for last year."

Mr. McCoig: "Thirty-two per cent."

Mr. Drury: "Thirty-two per cent, was it?"

Mr. McCoig: "Where did you read that?"

Mr. Drury: "In the *Farm and Dairy*."

Mr. Drury also read in a Parliamentary Blue Book (unspecified) that the stock of the Dominion Textile Co. was 90% water and 10% solids. He would seem to have a touching faith in the accuracy of Blue Books. Some of us, who have waded through tons of them, have come to look upon them as terminal moraines of inaccuracy, and tolerable only because of their inexhaustible supply of unconscious humor. The Dominion Textile Co. represents a consolidation of four or five going concerns, and what is called "water" represents solid assets. What the Hon. Mr. Drury is apparently incapable of grasping is, that abnormal profits are always followed by lean years, and that it is the decade-average alone that should be taken. But while we are on the subject of profits, will he kindly ask the Hon. Alex. Crerar, with whom he is now "sib," to explain the following admission of Mr. Cecil Rice-Jones, manager of the United Grain Growers, Ltd.: Q. "In 1916 your profits are \$855,288?" A. "Yes." Q. "That is 62.2% on your capital?" A. "Yes." He might also ask the Hon. Mr. Crerar to explain how, on a capital of \$250,000 (\$100,000 subscribed in cash), the profit of the Export Co. in 1915 was the enormous sum of \$530,000. He might also ask the heads of the U.F.O. to explain a profit of 54% on the cattle end of their business. Poor little Dominion Textile Co.!

The Hon. Mr. Drury seems to have a theory of taxation all his own. (Never was this Province so rich in original theories. The woods are full of economic geniuses.) Briefly, his contention is, that we must stop taxing production and *tax the results of production*. It is bewildering! The man is a Nominalist! Are we, indeed, back in the days of Occam? Production *is*, of course, a result. The idea, then, would seem to be to tax the result of a result. But why stop? Why not go on taxing results till "the last armed foe expires"?

And now we come to land. The U.F.O. platform calls for the taxation of unoccupied, *i.e.*, unimproved, land. But it *is* taxed. Alberta is over a million dollars behind in collecting this very tax, and Saskatchewan over two millions behind. But let the Hon. Mr. Drury speak: "Take the cost of my own farm. It would have a certain annual value." Q. "What it would sell for without improvements if it were lying in its natural state as bushland?" A. "No! no! Bushland means the bush." Q. "You mean clear land without artificial improvements?" A. "It takes into account the situation of the land."

Of course, such reasoning as this is futile. What the U.F.O. is after is a straight tax on land. But this is the curious part of it: they seem obsessed with the idea that it is possible to get at the land-value after you have abstracted everything but the bare land—houses, barns, implements, cattle, human beings, and even, to be logical, drainage and fertilizers. What would be left would be taxable. Take the corner of King and Yonge streets! What is its value *as earth*? We will remove the building. Is what remains the value? To be sure! But what gives it a value? All the other buildings. Very well, we will remove all the buildings and results of productive energy, and all the people, not only in Toronto but in the whole Dominion. What value is there now? None whatever. Taxation is not paid by inanimate things, but by living persons, and, since all persons share in the benefits of civilization, each should be taxed according to his wealth.

A revenue tax is the most just tax in the world, and for this reason: It is raised always from the ultimate consumer, and he can pay just as much or as little of it as he pleases. The amount he pays rests with himself. If he be extravagant he pays much; if penurious, very little, indeed.

Of course, the Hon. Mr. Drury is an out-and-out Free Trader. For that we must respect him. He goes even beyond the U.F.O.—which in its platform rather hedges, contenting itself with the pious hope that we may have Free Trade with England *in five years*. But let him state his own case:

A. "I want Free Trade on manufactured goods." (Oleomargarine, Mr. Drury?)

Q. "Do you think you can reduce the salary of a parson with Free Trade?"

A. "Undoubtedly, I think. I suppose our parson probably spends \$130 a year on shoes. The duty on shoes——"

Q. "How many of a family has he?"

A. "He has five of a family."

Q. "\$130 is altogether too much. What salary does he get?"

A. "About \$1,300 a year."

Q. "Your opinion is that the American manufacturer could bring in goods and undersell the Canadian manufacturer?"

A. "And the English manufacturer."

Q. "That would result in a large number of industries in Toronto say, going out of business?"

A. "I am not prepared always to say that."

Note that *always*. There is not a word of sympathy for the working man who must live as well as the farmer; not a hint of appreciation of our splendid business men whose daring skill and enterprise have added a hundred-fold to the value of Mr. Drury's holdings and give value to his private fortune. His vision is limited by a wire fence, and *he cannot even see through that*.

Now, as to the hardships of the farmer, as exemplified in the Hon. Mr. Drury's case. He put the total value of his equipment at \$2,300. Assuming that the manufacturer took advantage of the full duty and added 20% profit the amount would be \$460, spread over ten years, or \$46 a year, or on an income of \$5,600 (admitted) 4/5 of one per cent!

Q. "Is that a correct estimate?"

A. "I think so."

Let us draw the veil!

One more example of perverted reasoning on the subject of taxation and we are done. It stands out as a classic. Mr. Drury: "When it comes down to a fine point it is absolutely correct to say that *the top six inches of soil* are paying the whole of the tariff tax. Trace up what happens to the merchant, taking him as an example. Does he pay the tariff tax? No. He pays it on his living. But he takes his profit on the increased cost of the goods he is handling, and that is handed back to the consumer. Does the workman in the towns and cities pay it? No. He gets his living wage and he gets a little more, *because he is sharing the spoils of the product of industries*. It is paid by the top six inches of soil."

It is indeed difficult to treat this sort of reasoning with anything but impatience. All the industries of the world rest on soil, to be sure, but the wealth they produce is the result of brains and brawn. Subtract from your "top six inches of soil" a human intelligence, and what good is it? Wheat as wheat has a value; but wheat as aliment for a man may be transformed into some happy discovery that shall bring great and lasting blessing to society. The contention that all values come from "the top six inches of soil" is false. All values are created and sustained by intelligence, and it is only as intelligence is applied to the soil that it has any value whatsoever. The valuable end of a hog is the manufactured end. The farmer simply raises and feeds it. He gets a return on his capital and his skill; but if there were no packing-houses and abattoirs he would get very little, indeed. All raw material, *as raw material*, has no, or very little value, unless worked up into the finished product. Take rubber, crude oil, ingot copper, iron pigs. What earthly use are these apart from machinery and skilled intelligence? But let us mercifully close the paragraph!

We come now to the merchant. We do not know where the Hon. Mr. Drury picked up this stray from another planet. Certainly his like is not to be found on this earth. This strange human being, we are gravely assured, does not pay a tariff tax; or rather, he does. He pays it on his living. But really he doesn't pay it after all, because "he takes his profit on the increased cost of the goods he is handling and that is handed back to the consumer." Of course, the fallacy in this curiously confused reasoning is apparent. The merchant sells but he also buys. He is just like the rest of us.

We all sell to persons and buy from persons; and we are taxed, not only on what we sell, but on what we buy. We are, in fact, *all* consumers, and, as consumers, we all pay taxes.

We come now to the working man. Here, if anything, the confusion is worse. We would commend the line of argument followed to the Hon. Mr. Rollo. It has a vicious animus. The working man doesn't pay the tariff tax. Those ten thousand decent mechanics who came across with their income-tax like honorable men may *think* they help to pay it but they don't. It all comes out of the "top six inches of soil," *i.e.*, out of the long-suffering farmer. He pays it all—every cent of it. All the working man does is to divide in combination with the employer, "the spoils of the products of industries." If he were honest he would accept a bare living wage, and hand back the surplus to the poor despoiled agriculturists. Honest profit in manufacturing is "spoil." That is a most dangerous doctrine. Profit in farming, in commerce, in manufacturing or anything else is simply the reward of hard work, thrift, intelligence and enterprise. To designate it as "spoil" is to belittle and insult our common humanity.

We commend this theory of social righteousness to the thoughtful attention of the decent, sensible working men of the country, who have been misled and betrayed by their representatives in the Legislature. Of course, Mr. J. J. Morrison and Mr. James Simpson believe it with all their hearts; though we are not aware that the latter has ever bothered his head about "the top six inches of soil" or ever intends to.

THE PLAGUE OF THE AMERICAN CARTOON

THE *Toronto Mail and Empire* (we trust we will not be accused of that dreadful disease Torontoitis!) has a just, severe and logical article on the pernicious activities of the Irish-American fanatics, in its issue of December 9th. In it it pays its respects to the man Hearst, and all it says might have been set forth with tenfold the bitterness and still fallen short of a just arraignment.

Hearst has gained the bad eminence of being the most detested mortal in the world, with one exception. Every decent American hates him, not only on account of the dangerous doctrines he advocates, but because he represents the negation of the spirit of The Fathers. He is like the first appearance of some dangerous symptom in the body. It is there causing annoyance and distress. Occasionally it gives sharp twinges, quiets down, erupts again; but for long stretches the normal life goes on, and we congratulate ourselves that our fears were groundless. Then, under emotional or physical distress, the old trouble comes back and we suddenly realize that only the surgeon's knife will cure. Yet we hesitate. "Better to endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Some day the United States will have to deal with Hearst and the foul crew who are drawn into his wake on the waves of financial success, or perish as a nation. If democracy mean the triumph of the ideals of Hearst and his followers then democracy is, in its moral fundamentals, an unclean and bestial thing and the sooner we devise a better system for mankind the better. We may have to recast the whole theory of democracy one of these days, and decide that power without responsibility is a farce. A patient study of Aristotle's politics would do all our legislators untold good.

Those Canadian papers that from time to time attack Hearst are well advised. Not a page of the Hearst newspapers should be allowed to enter Canada, and those magazines, controlled from the same centre and camouflaged under alluring names, should also be barred.

It is said that one source of this man's power is that he has cornered the popular cartoonists. Let us consider this phase of the situation; for here we have something very definite to go upon.

Many of the vilest American cartoons are being reproduced in Canada by a certain evening paper in Toronto and by certain other papers in different parts of the Dominion. They are all alike detestable, and it is a simple sin and a shame that they are tolerated by the general public. If the public really enjoys them then the public is base. A clean, moral race would, in the interests of the growing child, rise up in wrath and read the riot act to those newspaper proprietors who are daily perpetrators of a great wrong and *particeps criminis* in a foul slander on our common humanity. We are not aware of a single condemnation from the pulpit. Our educationists, librarians and the heads of our great universities remain silent. Here is a danger to all that is virile, noble, reverential and chaste in our people, and not even a squeak of protest is heard. We propose to speak our mind and leave the shame where it belongs.

These American cartoons are cruel, simian and unclean. They are childish in drawing, crude in humor, violent in intention, degrading in influence and suggestion, and from the standpoint of morals, positively nauseating. There is more pure fun in the quirk of a single line by Frank Reynolds than can be found in the whole series since the first artistic degenerate foisted his first poor amateur *graffiti* on a bewildered world. Bateman's absurdities cause endless chuckles; Fougassé's delicious little developments from a germ of the grotesque up to the final *denouement* of triumphant and satisfied conceit is the very agony of the ludicrous; Darmour's keen satires of the new-rich bounder in English society are a solatium to honest, cultured poverty. There is more genuine art in one drawing of *Punch* than in all the cartoons that America has produced since the first American started to draw in imitation of the cave-man. And the reason is that the men who draw for the great English journals (and this is true of France also) are genuine artists who sketch from living

models, love their types, possess a thorough culture, and have a decent respect for the amenities of civilized life. They succeed because they love. These men do not need to point an arrow to help out a rudimentary intelligence, or to draw a burst of stars to express the effect of a blow or a series of electric discharges to indicate thought, or a pair of boots to indicate a fall. They assume that God created man a rational being, and threw in as His choicest gift—next to faith—a sense of humor.

Take the series, "Bringing Up Father." Whoever saw a father like him? He is dwarfed, mis-shapen, ugly. He has the prognathism of a savage and the cranium of an ape. He is a drunkard, a gambler, a libertine. Every day of his life he is either inflicting some form of cruelty on man or beast, or is himself the victim of a vulgar, bad-tempered shrew. As for the creature his wife, she is the last word in repulsiveness. There is not a single redeeming feature in her. The last delectable cartoon of this series at hand represents this father of a family engaged in hanging a dog to the staircase in order that he may be free to slip away and booze in some low shebeen.

"Polly and her Pals" is even worse. It is indeed hard to describe what these poor abortions resemble. Certainly nothing human. Only a foul mind could have conceived them. The women are mis-shapen hags with huge, protruding teeth, incredibly low down in the scale of being. The men are even worse. They have no bodies at all; the arms meet the legs; the features are neither brute nor human; the antics are those of yahoos. Polly is empty, cruel, selfish, ignorant and vulgar. She lives only for the last obscenity in dress, and her mother and aunt imitate her. All the father seems to exist for is to pay the bills and to hide his private vices from the rest of the family with the aid of a Japanese servant. It is not a home that is represented. It is a mad-house. From morning to night these impossible fools live only to cover each other with ridicule. The Son of Man, in seeking some symbol which should express the nature of the relationship between the human and the divine, could think of no higher, no more endearing and tender phrase than Father. There is no higher phrase. Paternity is divine, and the relationship between parent and child ineffably sweet and holy. What words, then, are too severe to apply to these artistic sewer-rats who make of the holiest the foulest thing, and insult, not only the nation to which they belong, but every chaste matron, every innocent and adoring child and every noble, self-sacrificing father? Words of scorn and contempt we may apply to them, remembering, always, that they are but hirelings. But there are no words in the English tongue, or, for that matter, in any tongue, to describe the callous depths of inhumanity to which those who demand and pay for their wares have sunk. The time was, and not so long ago, when such pictures would have been as a blow in the face. We believe that to the great majority of decent people they are indescribably offensive,

and that it is high time some concerted move should be made to blot the offence out. It should have been done long ago.

There is one feature of these monstrosities which should not be overlooked—the element of violence. True wit is always an explosion; true humor always inherent in the situation. Even satire, while it cuts, is after all nothing but the sharpened edge of law. The satirist wields an ethical rapier. Cynicism, being always personal and the child either of wounded conceit or pride, has corrosive qualities that place it apart. But cruelty is of the beast pure and simple. It is not pleasant to feel that our children are being led through the agency of the daily paper into an attitude of soul which may land both themselves, and society later on, into the pit of anarchy.

THE OTTAWA CORRESPONDENT OF *THE FARMERS' SUN*

WE do not know who the Ottawa correspondent of *The Farmers' Sun* is. He distils his poison, is presumably paid for his hallucinations, and, no doubt, laughs in his sleeve at the weekly farce which he enacts. We will venture to say, however, that he is not Canadian-born; and we have a shrewd suspicion that he is one of those rare and always disappointed visitants to these shores who begin by instructing us in the rudiments of political philosophy and end by becoming journalistic Ishmaelites. Gradually their little bag of tricks is emptied; city editors turn a deaf ear, and, embittered and morose, they either return whence they came, damning the Colonies and everything connected with them, or, made wise, start in earnest to make an honest living, and end by becoming respectable and valuable citizens.

We do not believe that the farmers of Ontario are a pack of fools, and therefore we do not believe that the malicious fables that this particular correspondent spins out of his inner consciousness carry much weight with them. For there is a strange lack of *finesse* about this weak mortal's ravings. It is, on the whole, clumsy work, and need delude no one. What completely damns it is that it pretends to be *authoritative* information. Not only the inner happenings of the Cabinet are clear and open to this favored mortal; but, what is still more extraordinary, the inner working of the Prime Minister's mind. The humor of the situation being, so far as *The Farmers' Sun* is concerned, *apparently* unconscious, is grave and delicious. If the U.F.O. votaries (a steadily diminishing crowd) are really bamboozled by this pretended omniscience, then credulity can go no further short of insanity.

It would be strange indeed, would it not, if the Premier (who has the reputation of being "as close as wax and as deep as a draw-well") should call the correspondent of *The Farmers' Sun* into his office and reveal to him the inner secrets of the Cabinet? We presume there is not a decent farmer in the country who, however

deeply he may disagree with the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, would not admit that the Prime Minister is a gentleman and a man of stern and unbending honor. That he should betray his friends to an irresponsible journalistic gatherer of scraps is, of course, grotesque. Yet this is the assumption which runs through these letters. We will give a few samples.

In the issue dated Dec. 4th, under the caption "Our Ottawa Letter," appears this sentence: "The fruits of East Elgin are already visible. In the event of victory there Dr. Reid had been marked down for disappearance to another sphere where he could do less positive mischief, but now there comes forth from Ottawa a judicious announcement that he has been in conference with the Premier and has no intention of resigning office."

Now, in the name of everything improbable, how did the correspondent of *The Farmers' Sun* get this information? A conference takes place between the Premier and one of his Cabinet who has just returned from abroad, and, behold, *The Farmers' Sun* is the only paper in the country that is conversant with what took place between these two gentlemen! Who believes such trash?

But we will take another example of pretended inner knowledge. "Since the Premier's western trip *there has developed in Governmental circles* (italics ours) a very critical attitude towards Mr. J. A. Calder. The Premier and his friends *have at last reached the conclusion* that he is a heavy liability rather than an asset, and if any means could be found of jettisoning him without danger to the whole ship it would be taken."

The obvious purpose of this malicious production is to convey the idea that the Government is rent with inner jealousies, and that the Premier is simply a desperate gambler prepared to sacrifice his most intimate friends (and Mr. Calder is a warm friend and admirer) in the hope that he will be in a better position to weather the next election two years hence. No reason or single fact is given for this monstrous declaration. Omniscience is assumed. It is time for the farmers to catch on.

The truth is that the Government was never stronger than it is at this hour. The Premier grows in power and influence every day. The Tariff Commission has been of the nature of a triumphal procession, and, bitterest pill of all, it has been revealed that the bulk of our sturdy yeomen are on the side of common-sense, patriotism and financial sanity. Had Aylmer been a manufacturing town, and had the National Liberal and Conservative party not been double-crossed by a bewildered individual who afterwards recanted before the Tariff Commission, East Elgin would have been carried in the interests of sane and progressive government. A Government that has just carried three seats out of four is quite justified in carrying on.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF *THE GLOBE*

THERE are three alternatives to the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen at the present time and three only—the Hon. Mackenzie King, the Hon. Alex. Crerar, and the Hon. Mr. Drury. None of these has so far received the benediction of the editor of *The Globe*. We are warranted, therefore, in inferring that none of them is acceptable to the owner in shadow of that organ.

The situation is very extraordinary, indeed. A single individual, who is apparently at odds with the scattered remnant of the Liberal party, is engaged in the work of wrecking the only strong and homogeneous group in the country and, as an alternative, presents—chaos. Yet *The Globe* keeps croaking about the need of a representative Government! It has no leader in view, and would have the people of Canada “go it blind.” Anything, apparently, in the purview of this narrow-minded fanatic—even confusion resulting from a leaderless people—were preferable to the solid union of the best and most loyal elements of the two great historic groups. This is not logic, but hate; not patriotism, but an irresponsibility which, under the circumstances, is akin to sheer madness. The people of Canada will not be misled. They thoroughly understand that the defeat of the only strong group in Canada means anarchy.

The Globe dare not “boom” Mackenzie King; it distrusts Crerar, and looks upon him as an unsafe guide (which he is), and it would wreck the U.F.O. to-morrow, if it could. We ask, who is the exponent of anarchy—the man who is standing out boldly for all that is sane, patriotic and progressive; or the individual who is intent on destruction and prepared to risk the welfare of the whole country to gratify an inherited partisan prejudice, which is apparently impervious to either the urge of patriotism or the dictates of common sense?

It is the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen and a strong, settled, constitutional Government against the Hon. Mackenzie King and the anti-conscriptionist Liberals; or the Hon. Alex. Crerar with absolute Free Trade and the abhorrent alliance of big business and politics as exemplified in the U.G.G.; or the Hon. Mr. Drury, whose twin doctrines are Free Trade and group-selfishness. “The One remains; the many change and fade.”

FINANCING EXTRAORDINARY

THE Province of Ontario has just issued a loan for six millions, ear-marked for a specific purpose. It was over-subscribed by nine millions. Instead of returning the surplusage (sadly needed in the business world and by the banks) the Provincial Treasurer coolly proposes to appropriate the entire amount. This last nine millions is not ear-marked. The Government may apply it as they please.

The Hon. Mr. Doherty's mad scheme of loaning money to young farmers (why not young mechanics?) on the single ground of good character may now presumably be put through. Why not? There is no check. But why stop at farmers and mechanics? Why not everybody?

This is the Government that was elected to clean up the financial mess and give us a rigorously economical administration. In the whole history of Provincial finances there is nothing to match it. These men seem obsessed with the idea that the Province is an inexhaustible gold mine. Loan has followed loan with bewildering rapidity. Some time ago the Hon. Peter Smith borrowed six million eight hundred thousand dollars in New York at $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ for the purpose of retiring thirty-five and forty year old debentures held in London, and bearing $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ to $4\frac{1}{2}\%$. He came back and boasted that he had saved the Province one million two hundred thousand dollars. He bought sterling bills at less than \$4, to be sure, and paid the English holders in a depreciated currency. He did not save the Province a penny, and he gave Provincial credit a black eye from which it will be years in recovering. He also gambled on exchange. Had he offered the holders of those debentures a renewal for another thirty-five or forty years at $5\frac{1}{2}\%$, and made the principal payable in New York, Paris or London, at the option of the holders, they would have jumped at the bargain, and the gain in prestige would have been enormous. Moreover, the difference of 2% annually, spread over forty years, would have provided a sinking fund sufficient to extinguish the whole amount at maturity. All the expenses of underwriting would also have been saved.

The president of the Bank of Montreal has just issued a grave warning to our Provincial Governments on the subject of non-productive expenditures. In the face of this the Hon. Peter Smith coolly rakes in nine millions into the till, and no doubt would have taken twenty millions if it had come his way. We repeat, this extra money is not ear-marked, and is at the free disposal of the Government, who may do with it as they like.

If the Hon. Mr. Drury would stick to his desk, instead of running all over the North-West in company with the Hon. Alex. Crerar in the interests of a party yet to be formed; if he would cease playing the rôle of a cheap agitator, and perform with sobriety and wisdom the duties of his office, the plain people of Ontario would sleep easier in their beds o' nights. The Hon. Mr. Drury is quite entitled to believe in and preach Free Trade in his capacity as a private citizen. He is not warranted in introducing a purely fiscal question, which belongs in the domain of Federal politics, into the Provincial arena. We trust that, irrespective of politics, the whole financial record of the U.F.O. Government will be gone into at the coming session of the Legislature. If a halt to these spendthrifts is not called the Province will soon reach the limit of its credit.

THE PRESENT CHAOS

THE world is in a more dangerous condition than it was during the incidence of war. The debauch of high prices and mad expenditures is over, but many a timorous swimmer is afraid to take the plunge into the ice-cold and invigorating waters of reality. In other words, we are all waiting for the other fellow to plunge and, emerging, reassure us that it doesn't mean death but health and joy. At the back of our brains lies the conviction that, if we only would face facts, we would be all the better of it; yet still we procrastinate.

It is a natural enough situation when you come to think of it. It is hard to cut down personal expenses, to do without, to change our entire manner of living. We sulk and loiter, and, in the meantime, go on with our foolish expenditures, even though we know that the end must be bankruptcy.

At such a time as this people are not normal. That area of idiocy in the brain, which Oliver Wendell Holmes whimsically maintained was akin to the blind spot on the retina, seems to have pre-empted consciousness for the time being. Even men of dignity and standing are talking complete nonsense, and seem to have their ordinary judgment all out of focus. Two excellent local governments (one in the East, the other in British Columbia) have just been returned to power by bare majorities. Sensible men, and, presumably, patriots, freely admit that the National Liberal and Conservative party has a record unmatched in the annals of Canada and deserves well of the whole country on the ground of things accomplished, yet talk vaguely and senselessly of its overthrow. When the question of an alternative to the strong men who are carrying on is put squarely up to them they grow impatient and testy and answer nonsense. They admit that the Hon. Mackenzie King has talked himself out and has no real following in the country; that the Hon. Alex. Crerar is himself the most perfect specimen we possess of the selfish self-advertiser and commercial monopolist, and that the Hon. Mr. Drury is floundering bewildered and lost, in a bog—is but feeling his way forward by the aid of the U.F.O. pole and jumping desperately from clump to clump—and yet they seem quite prepared to go it blind, and trust to an earthquake to provide the future elements of stability.

Never was the old worn-out sophism that government is a mysterious agency for making everybody happy and prosperous so fatuously held to. Along comes the Hon. Mr. Crerar with his Free Trade nostrum and antagonism to Big Interests as the panacea for all our woes. (Some of us would like him to explain what he considers the U.G.G.) Off to the North-West flies our Provincial Premier with his own peculiar nostrum—the gist of which is that we must form a *party* containing everybody, and, having got every-

body to agree (a simple matter), we shall all be happy and fall upon each others' necks, and there will be corruption and inefficiency no more. Mr. Ernest Lapointe assures us that the Hon. Mackenzie King understands "the deep heart of the people" (1914-1918?); and those two pure and holy patriots, Mr. J. J. Morrison and Mr. James Simpson, are in hourly conference as to how it will be possible to spoil the business Philistines and yet maintain intact the holdings of the true Israel, *i.e.*, the farmers. These last two, of course (*arcades ambo*), are not politicians, but wild romanticists. Altogether it is an extraordinary situation.

Is there any way out of this mess? There is, and we predict that when the people of Canada come to their senses (and they are rapidly doing so) there will be a great many surprises in store for those fanners of suspicion and hawkers of irresponsible phrases who now are shrieking at their loudest, and who mistake "the cackle of their burg for the murmur of the world."

The people of the adjoining Republic stood this sort of thing for four long, weary years. They bided their time. They were very patient. The agriculturists ran mad in the Dakotas, Gompers and the American Morrison threatened disaster to industry, de Valera kept on receiving the freedom of American cities and harangued frenzied multitudes, the Bolsheviks kept up their propaganda. Then one fine day a little man who paid his debts and kept his mouth shut, but who believed that Government is One and that laws are made to be obeyed and that Freedom is liberty to call his soul his own, took a short walk (this time with his wife) and each took hold of a piece of paper, made a few marks on it, dropped it into an urn, and went home; and the next morning he made the pleasant discovery that there were millions who thought exactly as he thought, and that they were called not Sinn Feiners or trades unionists or Grangers or Townleyites or Progressives, but that their correct name was The American People.

And it will be so in Canada. The people of Canada, when the Redistribution takes place and the Government goes to the polls in 1922; when the North-West blizzard has blown itself out, and the unnatural alliance between the U.F.O. and the extreme laborites has come to an end, will quickly take stock of the national situation and decide for time-honored practices. The Hon. Mr. Crerar and the Hon. Mr. Drury will then discover, with pained surprise, that even the farmer knows which side his bread is buttered on, and that vainly is the Free Trade net spread in sight of the rural bird. As for Quebec, we may be sure that those who have her guidance in their control have no intention of risking the splendid industrial fabric they have built up, and that when the hour of choice comes they will decide on lines of common-sense and patriotism and line up with the national party.

At the next session of Parliament the Tariff will be threshed

out item by item, and Mr. Lapointe, who, when he was asked at Calgary whether he was in favor of taking off the duty on boots and shoes, replied that Quebec placed principle above interest, will then have a chance to put himself on record and make good his words. Should *he* place principle above interest we will respect him and wish him well in the private walks of life.

And *The Globe*, which at present is engaged in auctioning off to any bidder the remains of a once powerful party, will also discover that to feature in huge type the doings of the Mackenzie Kings, Crerars, Drurys, and all the rest of them, and fail to endorse in its editorial page a single one of them, is hardly a policy that will commend itself to all that is decent and honorable in public life. The people of Canada may follow an honest and ignorant idealist to their hurt and undoing; but they are not likely to follow a hypocrite. To all the overtures that have been made to the farmer-group—and all these overtures have come from but one direction—only contemptuous replies have been made. So far as the die-hard Liberal party is concerned, the agriculturists consider it already dead, and are quite sure that they will succeed, in the course of time, as residuary legatees. It is doubtful in the case of success if they would even offer it the poor consolation of the Ministry of Militia and Defence.

THE GREAT CONSOLATION

IF we are working alone, absolutely alone, we may be noble, but we cannot be happy. There may be a desperate sort of goodness possible, a rigor of personal integrity, an iron unyieldingness to anything base, but there cannot be any joy. Joy is the culmination of a great conviction that somehow our little tasks are linked up with a vast intention. It all gets down to interpretation.

In these days men and women are asking shrewd questions. The old explanations no longer carry weight. Authority must be of the soul; and he who speaks in the name of God must carry his credentials with him, and they must be of his own fashioning, forged in the furnace of his own experience. Moreover, however spiritual and splendid, they must come in homely guise, and seem as natural as pure air and fair water. The basis of holiness must present strong affinities to common-sense, and spring out of reason itself, or pass into the limbo of the forgotten things. We cannot in these days carry the burden of the superfluous, not even in religion. The function of the Church is to draw together in a common fellowship all those who would abide by and live in the highest possible interpretation of life. For, after all, it is supreme wisdom, the wisdom of common-sense even, to interpret life in terms of its highest and not of its lowest factors.

“The Highest is the measure of the man.”

And so true is this that one might say that the last final con-

clusion of human reason is but the extreme headland, the last point outward from which we plunge into what Faith feels convinced is but "a deeper sea."

"We go, we go! I know not where we go; but I know that we go to something great."

What this destiny may be, its nature and character, is veiled; a mystery truly, but a mystery not of darkness but of light. It may be that each will gain according to his desire: to some it may unclothe as a realm of intellectual splendor; to others, of no high estate, it may gleam in the alluring distance as the last warm wave of the heart breaking on the shores of the infinite ocean of desire. Enough if it be "large and fine and in the great style of God's work."

To the higher type of modern man the *disjecta membra* of the old theologies, the blanched bones of fossil theological systems, lying out in a desert long passed and almost forgotten, can have no charm whatever. He, indeed, marvels that so many should forsake "the green pastures and still waters" of our present "goodly heritage" to go back to an age when salvation depended on the shade of a word, and the pure, lyrical cry of the heart was drowned in antiphonal horrors. It is the touch and feel of the Divine he wants, and he desires that it should spring out of a living experience. Not that he would modernize God; but that he might find God somehow, somewhere in his daily aspirations and struggles, and not conclude that solution for him—the last—is denied, even as a trembling hope.

In some way this harassed, embittered and disillusionized world must get back to God and Faith and the "Primal Sanities."

It may help to say that God is a spiritual experience. At any rate, if spiritual experience be not the reaction on our higher nature of a more perfect world, of which this is but the faint adumbration, we are lost. Serviceable still as an illusion? Yes! But who wants that? And if our dear dreams and ideals be not intimations—from a high and permanent source—of what a will higher than our own would have us to be, then, since it all resolves into a final wrestle with pain and weariness, why should we not leave "the ensanguined sea," pass into the ranks of the Lotophagi and swoon out to nothingness on the dark river, whose banks glow with scarlet poppy-flames, and whose heavy air brings death as the last breath of a fairy world of illusion?

What saves us? The sharp sword of conscience and of honor! The law which holds the tremorless orbs divides "to the joints and marrow, and the thoughts and intents of the heart." Dare we deny it? We, the elect of the earth, are under the shadow of that which is bigger and better than ourselves.

We may then, here and now, rise into a better and fairer world. Through the exercise of the spiritual will we may move upward and prove that the life of the soul is real, because, old coast lines fade

and new, strange lands come into view. What, indeed, is called Heaven, when you come to ponder it, can be no more than this: An enlargement of that *Presence* which is now "the Master-light of all our seeing," and without whose tender guidance and care we would be but as bewildered travellers, urged onward and upward by some strange Cosmic fate, whose end must be, never to reach the summit, but to fall, blinded by the snow, into the blue ice-chasms and be seen no more.

It is on the human and the human alone that the Church must take her stand, for it is with the human alone that God deals—as personal. Wisdom He will yield to science; physical triumph to will; beauty to the passion and hunger for it; even a rigid integrity to the ascetic; but, when it comes to our humanity, these all must be cast aside—"As for tongues, they shall cease; as for knowledge, it shall vanish away"—and, forgetful of all else, we must cry, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none on the earth I desire beside Thee!" This height conquered, and it is at once seen that Heaven is the Ineffable Presence which is with us in our purest and noblest moments, and the state we still long for beyond death but the enlargement of the same presence which "through all the years of our pilgrimage" was as "*a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"

THE LOYAL TROOPER

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

When law is trampled under foot,
And honor is unknown;
When barren knaves go forth and loot,
And hearts are turned to stone;—

When Phyllis smiles upon a rogue
Who lards his love with prayer—
Dresses according to the vogue,
And apes a pious air;—

When honest sack is cursed and banned,
And Thalia goes in tears,
And sacred privacies are scanned
By crop-eared pulpiteers;—

When itching feet are put in clogs,
And beauty rage incites,
And kindly manners madden dogs
Who bark about their rights;—

When life-long indolence would seize
The wealth of years of toil,
And unwashed tyrants live at ease
Upon the victor's spoil;—

When wit and valor, learning, sense,
Are levelled to the mire,
And virtue is the last offence—
Freedom a bawd for hire!—

Why, what remains for honest folk
Who love their God and king,
But just to pay back stroke for stroke
And show that worth can sting?

Ho, Colin, saddle up my nag!
Bring helmet, lance and shield!
Now cursed be those who dare to lag!
Twice-cursed be those who yield!

THE TRUE KNIGHT'S PRAYER

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

Give me, oh Lord, the grace to pray
 For light upon my destined way.
 Give me humility to learn,
 And power the low and vile to spurn.
 Give me simplicity of heart
 That I may act my modest part.
 Give me a sense of honor true
 That I may pay each debt when due;
 Nor boast unduly of my fame,
 Nor drag my line to depths of shame;
 But keep my candle clear and bright—
 One ray of the celestial light.
 Give me the courage, dauntless, strong,
 To face the future with a song;
 And if Thou sendest poverty,
 Grant grace that I may live in glee;
 Nor envy those who touch success,
 And so a generous heart confess.
 Give me the faith that overcomes
 The doubt that palsies and benumbs.
 And, lastly, dower me with Thy peace,
 And, my work finished, give release.

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